

SUNSHINE COLUMN

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

Mrs. J. M. RANSIER, State President, Hendersonville, N. C.

MRS. RANSIER'S LETTER.

Miscellaneous Sunny Suggestions from Sunshine Headquarters.

"The common herd"—God bless us every one!
 We common folk who toil from sun to sun;
 We who our brother's hardships understand,
 Nor strive to hide the callous on each hand;
 We who in countless thousands throng the street,
 Oft silent thought in sympathy we greet;
 Without our help, what great thing has been done?
 "The common herd"—God bless us every one!

"The common herd" that flinches not from toil
 Through freezing winters, when the summers broil;
 That bravely treads its round from day to day,
 And clothes and feeds itself on meagre pay;
 That comes more near content than they who boast
 A daily income that would feed a host;
 That sweetly sleeps when each day's toil is done—
 "The common herd"—God bless us every one!

* * *

I cannot help being proud that I am an American.

Foreigners say that we are egotistical, that all Americans think there is nobody in the world like themselves, nobody like Americans. Well, why shouldn't we? The older I get and the more I see of the world the more convinced I am that we have good cause, and the very best of reasons for feeling that way, and the more proud and "sot" on my proudness I am. Whether it is that the American realizes more fully the "Fatherhood of God" and consequently recognizes the "brotherhood of man" or whether they are simply more broad guaged, I cannot say, but it is the American man who does the courteous things to the stranger that he meets when traveling, and the American woman, maid or matron, whose eyes are quick to see and hearts quick to respond to the numberless kindly things that are wanted and appreciated by fellow passengers when going around the world.

The foreigner may be very kind to his own family and very attentive to the needs of his own party, but he rarely recognizes anything but "me and my wife, son John and his wife, us four and no more."

In fact he is usually quite oblivious of any one else dwelling on this ball. They remind you of the woman Bill Nye told about who failed to acknowledge with even a "thank you" the courtesies he had extended to her, discomforting himself for her comfort. In his advice to his son, he says: "If you ever become the parent of a daughter, Henry, and you like her pretty well, I hope you will teach her to acknowledge a courtesy, instead of looking

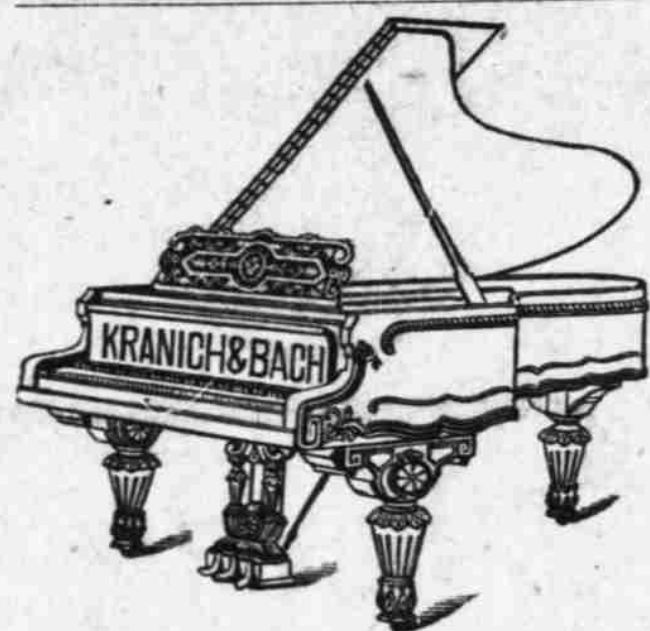
upon the earth and the fullness thereof as a partnership property owned jointly by herself and the Lord." Many in traveling seem to even leave out the Lord in the partnership, but these are seldom Americans. Not that Americans are any the less attentive to their own—no, sir! Not that they love their own less, but their goodness overflows. In the man who is for a time their fellow traveler they see their neighbor, and in the woman who is in need of some courtesy, their neighbor's wife or daughter. And in the boy, the awful boy, the restless ever-at-the-front boy, our American remembers his own heir presumptive (and presuming), and may even recall the time when not so very long ago he himself was the inquisitive, restless human in knee pants. And as a rule our American is not overly annoyed by even the knee pants, but is really thoughtful for his comfort.

The other day I was going out from Asheville, the day the soldier boys went to the encampment, and the depot was filled with the brown uniforms, and everywhere was the excitement and attraction of their departure. Two or three trains were all pulled up on the different tracks awaiting their turn to pull out of the depot, and in one of these was the knee pants specimen. Not a bad specimen either, but the car windows would not stay up, the catches wouldn't work, and the boy was very warm indeed, and without air; and last but not least, he could not of course get his head out of the window and see all the attractive things going on outside. His mother, his elder brother and his uncle, all tried to remedy the matter, but there was no getting that window up. Then Mr. American Man saw the difficulty and poking the end of his umbrella under the window from the outside, pried it up and the boy was happy. A dignified, fine-looking man he was too, but not too much so to do this kind little act for a boy. A stranger's boy? Oh, no! An American boy, whose need was the American man's opportunity. I don't know his name. How I wish I did! He's a Sun-shiner.

* * *

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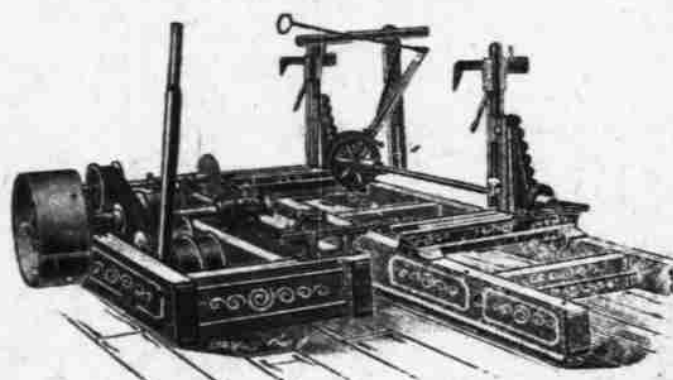
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